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VOL. 1. NO. 7.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,
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1860.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

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ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL.—The following are extracts from notices which have appeared in the public journals of this country and England, respecting the ARCHITECTS AND MECHANICS JOURNAL:

It is edited with evident ability. . . . . Altogether, the best work of the kind ever published in our city.—[Scientific American.

A valuable journal, and deserves to become a permanent institution.—[New-York Evening Post.

It is very creditably got up, and contains some admirably executed wood-cuts.—[London (Eng.) Artizan.

It is just such a work as every practical architect and mechanic should have.—[St. Louis Democrat.

Of great value to the class to whom it is addressed, and is conducted with great ability.—[New-York Sunday Times.

Will be a help to all house-planners and builders.—[New-York Century.

Carries with it an air of greater honesty of purpose and mildness of expression than many of its predecessors.—[Glasgow Practical Mechanics Journal.

Contains much that is of value and interest to engineers, master-builders, mechanics, and manufacturers.—[Boston Courier.

The first number, now before us, contains several papers of interest and value, and affords a favorable promise of the future character of the work.—[N. Y. Tribune.

Contains several nicely-engraved illustrations of mechanism and architecture. The typographical appearance of the work is very fine indeed.—[Buffalo Express.

We welcome warmly the appearance of a periodical devoted to architecture and construction in America, and which, if we may judge from the first number, will be conducted in a manner befitting its object.—[London (Eng.) Builder.

HA!

FROM THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[Correspondence after the manner of the *New-York Times*.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 30, 1860.

As my pen now kisses this virgin sheet, the House is a bewildering and somewhat fascinating maze. The ladies' gallery sighs beneath the wealth of accumulated beauty which it has gathered into its generous bosom. As I listen, I hear the crushing of a thousand crinolines, like the whispering of the forest winds in early Autumn; as I gaze, I behold ambient swarms of saccharine divinities, stretching illimitably before me, and gently agitated with the flutterings of anticipation; as I inhale through my nostrils, I am intoxicated with the odorous incense that the thoughtful breeze is wafting unto me. I do not hesitate to say that mignonnette predominates, although patchouli is also fully represented, and I detect an occasional puff of jockey-club. The tender soul may revel now in ecstacy. Loveliness of color, perfectness of form, endlessness of change, are here concentrated. Dainty eyes and billowy hair, of every hue known to the heavenly herald which proclaims the inutility of umbrellas and the return of good walking; gracious countenances specially revealed by inappreciable bonnets; garments of the rarest texture, and jewels whose dazzling lustres yield only before the optical koh-i-noors which gleam among them; vast masses of measureless and marvellous feminine treasure, heaped profusely around, and stirred by excitement to continual motion—forever and ever (as the poet hath it)—

"Bobbing around, around, around!"

—a palpitating and distracting throng of expensive decorations, elegantly fashioned raiment, smiles, blushes, pink kids, pearly teeth, beating hearts, fragrance, and good breeding.

'Tis now the hour of noon, and the agreeable confusion having reached its extremest height, the clerk reads prayers. Then rises hoary-headed Davidson, of Louisiana, and in cold blood calls upon the gentle visitors to withdraw. Chivalrous Clemens, of Virginia, protests in haughty tones, and waves defiant crutches at the unkind mover. Extraneous Smith, of the same stalwart State, adds deprecatory words, and insists at least that his kind administress of egg-nogg, whose eyes are resting on him, shall be excepted. But Burton Craige, of North Carolina, who never had egg-nogg prepared for him, and whose blood is getting chilled by age, opposes this. Stanton, of Ohio, now flings his heroic gallantry, backed up by Vallandigham and Killgore. Then fainting hopes revive again, and the reportorial heart descends a little way from the mouth into which it had risen. Smiles circulate. A little foot peeps out once more from its seventh sphere of heavenly flounce. But lo!—the attack once more sets in. Theaker, and Burnett, and Barksdale, and Garnett, and Curtis, assume brutality, and advocate exclusion. De Jarnette, of Virginia, lost to all sense of honor, talks of "a mob of women." Then clamor claims preëminence. The first voice heard is that of the Extraneous Smith, who, tearfully, again implores consideration for his bibulous benefactress. But finally Ashmore, of South Carolina, starts to his feet, and empties whole traps of rhetorical rats among the petticoats around. This is too much. Hasty skirts are gathered up, indignant farewell frowns diffused, and the exodus begins. As I gaze now, I see the little foot once spoken of—inches five of fascination—twinkling away like a fading star;—

Glossy black, of shape divine,
Light and free it nimbly paces;
Arched and curved with dainty graces,
True in every tapering line.*

Now the indignation which all right-minded men feel towards Mr. Ashmore would carry less of wonder with it, were he antique and facially repulsive, or were he the morose slave who compelled Don Juan to do the Zoyara business in the Sultan's palace at Constantinople, or if he seemed in any respect to be wanting in an eye for beauty, or a heart open as day to melting loveliness. But I find, on investigation, that he is not. He is good to look upon, and the report of a wart upon his nose must have been disseminated by a political enemy. His hair is not red, and his eyes, especially by gas-light, reflect the emotions of a susceptible heart. It is, however, rumored that he is in the habit of using rouge upon his cheeks, and that although this practice has escaped masculine detection, yet it was a few days ago discovered by feminine scrutiny, and exposed to the world;—and this may account for his exhibition of bitter acrimony to-day.

As soon as order replaces chaos, Sydenham Moore, of Alabama, addresses the House. Sydenham is a man of marked dignity as to bearing, though singularly irregular in features. He has no teeth, with a single exception, and that not of the usual size. His beard is yellow, except in spots which are always blackened by his custom of wiping his pen upon it. He usually wears shirts which button at the side, lest, in the excitement of oratory, he should burst them open and expose his bosom. His gestures are free and significant, and whenever he is seen to affix the thumb of his right hand to his nose, and to writhe the fingers thereunto appertaining, no person entertains the slightest doubt of his meaning.

Mr. Jenkins, of Virginia, who follows, is a man of not less, though differently, impressive presence. The luxuriance of his curls, which are rigorously papered every night, strikes the beholder at the first glance. That bald spot over his left temple is significant. It was thence that one of the fairest daughters of the capital severed a raven lock., only a few days ago, with a new pair of scissors purchased expressly for the purpose. As a speaker, the effect of his delivery is somewhat impaired by his attitude. A habit of keeping his hands in his trousers' pockets had so grown upon him that he found stringent measures were necessary to check it. He therefore caused the aforesaid pockets to be sewed up; but, on rising to address the House, he found himself unable to utter a word, so long as his hands remained free. Since that occasion, he has regularly, when speaking, seated himself on the back of his chair, with his feet in the seat, and concealed his hands in his boots, which he wears very high, with the trousers tucked in.

Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, next arises, and in grave accents withdraws his name as a candidate for the Speakership. While he speaks, a pin is heard falling. Order is soon restored. Mr. Sherman's manner is dignified, and his method of expression admirable, notwithstanding an impediment in his speech which prevents him from using consonants, and obliges him to confine himself wholly to vowels. His remarks were listened to with acute attention.

The telegraph will supply particulars, and as it is now late, and as I can write no more without touching upon subjects of real importance, no more for to-day.

BUSYBODY.

Itching for Notoriety.

The Scotch gentlemen who participated in the late Burns festival at Springfield, Mass.

The Man who always has a "Brick in his Hat."

The lecturer, H. Clay Pate.

* This is not prose, but verse.

LATEST FROM POLYGAMUTAH.

The following paragraph has lately been going the rounds of the press:

"Brigham Young does not appear in public much of late, as is supposed, on account of ill-health. When he is seen, he has his head muffled up in a handkerchief.

Of course he has. The Mormon Hierarch has long been playing a game of "blind man's buff" with the government of this country—a game in which we are sorry to think the government has allowed itself to be so utterly cornered that the muffler should, long since, have been conferred to Presidential features. But matters are now so bad at Polygamutah, that even Brig. Young himself declines, perhaps, to give his countenance openly to them, and, therefore, keeps the blinker on so as to be blind to what is going on about him. And, indeed, he must have had the handkerchief tied on pretty tight, by all accounts, if we are to believe the following item culled from the latest dispatches from Fort Leavenworth:—

"The Salt Lake *Valley Tan* says, of over two hundred murders committed in that Territory within the past three years, not a single offender has been committed or punished.

All the salt in the Valley commingled with all the Valley Tan, would be inadequate to save the bacon of such a Territory as this demi-semi-demoniac Polygamutah. Of this double hecatomb, sacrificed to the murderous propensities of the Salt Lake gorillas, we should like to know how many were "gentiles." Also, whether the presiding Pan of the Salt Lake Pandemonium, muffle his head as he may, has not at least one eye wide awake to business when he winks at these atrocities.

It is high time for that Pan to be "brought over the coals." Territories are less savage when abandoned to their primitive bears and indigenous buffaloes, than when subjected to the half-civilized influence of such a socialism as the Mormon megatherium: and we doubt if the Valley of the Lake of Salt, in the days when no footmarks fell on its crystal-frosted soil save those of the fierce beast of the mountain and plain, ever displayed, have so ghastly a sight as that of the grizzly goat-herd, Brigham, leading his hoofed and horned flock to the sound of his Pandean, polygan pipe.

THE VEILED PROPHET OF POLYGAMUTAH.

Another Consulship.

We have no desire to be considered facetious in recommending the Administration to establish, at once, an American Consulship for the protection of citizens of the United States travelling through New Jersey. The aggressions of the inhabitants of that country, during the last few years, seem to have rendered such a measure imperative. The salary should be large, in order to bear a relation to the dangers risked by holding the office, and an extra allowance should be made to the Consul in case passports are required from travellers by the government of the country.

A Fool's Maxim.

Absurdity is the spice of life.

Recipe for the Building of Modern Factories and Tenement-Houses.

First find a scoundrel for the builder.
Get him to give you an estimate.
Beat him down one-half.
Let him choose his own architect.
Snub any architect who may approach you with absurd propositions to superintend the work himself.
Encourage the builder in the use of bulgy bricks.
Let him put homœopathic doses of hair in the mortar.
Old and seasoned wood will be found best for beams and joists, the older the better; even if it is so old as to be a little wormy, it need make no difference.
Have single walls.
Put in plenty of windows, as they save brick.
Never use wrought-iron pillars when cast-iron ones can be substituted.
When the building is completed, insure it for twice its value; then, if it falls, and a few hundred people are killed and mangled, you will be the gainer.

Not up to the Scratch.

The Scotchmen at the Burns Festival at Springfield, Mass., after enthusiastically drinking the health of Queen Victoria, refused to respond to the toast, "to the President of the U. S." Waiving the simple question of the want of politeness toward the Executive of a Country whose laws protect them, it is somewhat remarkable, among so large a body of Scotchmen, not to find one ready at any moment to come up to the Scratch.

Q. E. D.

We have got at the secret at last. We know now why we can't have THAT CLOCK—and the tax-payes of the city shall share our discovery with us. The reason is simply this: if we have a clock, the clock will probably have a pendulum, and how is the latter going to work, we should like to know, when Mayor Wood is determined that he alone shall have Full Swing at the City Hall?

Ye Fruits of Idyll-ness.

Dedicated to A. Tennyson, Esq.

"Ten pounds a line!" O Poet Laureate lucky!
Thy Publishers were either plucked or plucky,
To buy thine "Idyll" rhymes with pounds for pence,
Ten grains of sterling gold for one of sense!

Signs of Spring.

It is supposed that the surprising feat of agility exhibited by Mr. Lester Wallack in the Romance of a Poor Young Man, is entirely owing to this being Leap Year.

A Question for Tailors.

How is it that Lasting buttons have to be renewed so often?

Motto for our Police Magistrates.

Fine by degrees.

One of the Anti-Slavery Strongholds.

A Garrison.

The Aggregate of Humanity.

Homo sum.

Boy.—Why, Jimmy, are you going to knock off already? It's only two o'clock.

Jimmy.—No, you mutton-head. I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day on the same leg, do you?

A Sin of Omission or of Commission.

Manager Stuart's deeply affecting announcement of "Oliver Twist," just produced at his theatre, has won the profoundest sympathy of all right-minded and poetic readers. The only objection that can be brought against it, is that the glowing promise of his opening descriptive paragraph is not carried out in the practical distribution of characters. Mr. Stuart says of C. Dickens:—

> Long before aught of his found a home in print, little Paul, and little Nell, and little Oliver, had found a home in his big heart, and there he warmed them, and warmed them, until the fire caught the mind, and the mind touched the heart, and forth sprang a story—

—Which story, we are told in a series of sinuously wreathed sentences, was "Oliver Twist." It is evident, however, that the author did not "warm them, and warm them" quite up to the melting point, as in that case they would have been rendered suitable for casting; whereas we find that with the exception of Oliver, the little people above-named have no place in the list of persons represented. Mr. Stuart should either avoid mentioning those well-known characters of "Oliver Twist," little Paul and little Nell, or else explain why it is that he omits them in his "warmed-up" adaptation. Why hold out illusive hopes?

LINES TO ZOYARA.

Is't true? what we have read in sundry papers,
That you, *Miss*, are a Master of the capers
You nightly cut in all your various dances,
While round the "Gutta Percha" nimbly prances
The well-trained victim of your false pretences,
Firmly convinced in all his equine senses,—
He bears a "maiden fair," a "thing of joy,"
'Stead of that half and half 'twixt man and boy.
Hobbedehoy!
(Our Grandam called us when the two we fused,
Whereon we thought ourselves most vilely used.)
Is't true: Oh riddle worthy of the sphynx,
That you, who look the archest little minx
That e'er sent cupid's dart
Through greenhorn's heart,
Art, 'stead of Female, blooming young and tender,
A tough young scion of the "Breeches" gender?
Who is't, as lady's maid, that dons thy clothes?
Secures thy sandals, garters thy sweet hose,
Thy sash, with taste majestic, nightly ties,
And links the destinies of hooks and eyes?
Who taught thee all thy pretty fiddle faddle,
Thy simpering leer; and how to kiss thy "daddle?"
Who curls thy hair in imitative grace
Of Phalon's waxen Hebes? Who doth paint thy face?
Doth villain barber ever soap thy chin
And shave thy young moustache, so frail and thin?
How did'st thou learn (a thing on which we dote)
To suit thine amble to a petticoat?
Restrain the gait, that nature meant for man,
To steps diminutive as smallest span?
Who was the wretch (O may he e'er be "cussed")
Reversed Man's law? Man goes upon a "Bust"
Instead of that, (may he ne'er know a spree)
The swindler "goes" a double Bust on thee!
Did'st take it quietly, with "nary" tustle
When first they cramm'd thee in a monstrous bustle?
Or did'st consent, from beauty's curve to win a Fee,
To wear in peace Hermaphroditic crinoline?
Hast ever yet received a true love token?
And heard some spooney's vows in whiskers spoken?
If so, I pray you tell me if you can,
What were your feelings then, Miss, *as a man?*
Who on the *Tribune* found you out? speak freely,
Was it the pure and philosophic Greeley?

Now listen, youth, and take a friend's advice,
Throw off the frippery you think so nice,
Pitch to the winds your furbelows and feathers,
'Stead of "Lace pantys" sport a pair of Leathers,
Smash up your stereotypes of clap-trap wiles,
Cut woman's mimic smile—smile as man "smiles."

THE NON-INTERCOURSE DODGE.

The following highly inflammatory paragraph is copied from the Savannah *Republican* of the 28th ult.:

> "Punch on the American Congress.—For want of rich food at home, or, perhaps, because we have more dainty dishes on this side the water, the London *Punch* has served up for its readers a feast of materials taken from the American Congress. A man dressed in woman's attire, and leaning leisurely on a broom, graces one of the pages in the last number, under the title of 'The Greatest Plague in Life—An unsatisfactory *Helper in the House*.' Another illustrates the character of our House of Representatives by a synopsis of a day's proceedings, which we copy elsewhere."

That Vanity Fair should be the earliest victim of the South's heroic resolve to ignore the North, to have and to hold no intercourse with her misguided inhabitants, to calmly wither with a high scorn her institutions generally, including her Satanic press, is a calamity that, however unforeseen, we may summon sufficient fortitude to bear.

But to be confounded in any way with *Punch*, is an affliction under which we fail, and for which we positively refuse to be comforted. It is a cut at our essential vitals. It nips us untimely in the bud. It is a chilling blast that wilts our fair young ambitions, crushes our eager hopes, and lays low the golden grain of our imagination. The whole South is informed, in a voice of thunder, that Vanity Fair is a *humorous* paper, and that the gentleman who designed "The Greatest Plague in Life," and the gentleman who reported "A Day in the House," are deeply, perhaps hopelessly, wounded, to find their productions accredited to a serious source. Has the Savannah *Republican* the magnanimity to correct its statement?

Out of His own Mouth, etc.

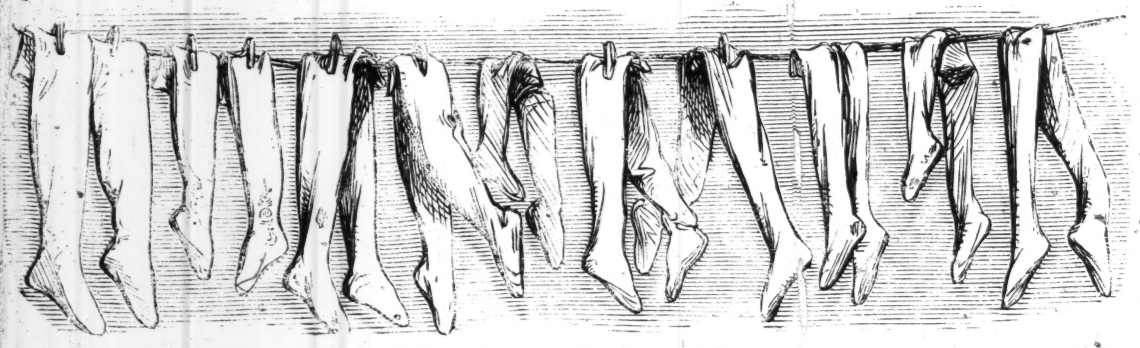
In the Board of Aldermen, the other day, Mr. Farley swore that one of his associates was a "bloody liar," and, in the same breath, that he had never committed himself. This looks very much like self-contradiction, to say the best of it.

What the Hive said to the Bear.

Let me Bee.

The First Man who Jumped to a Conclusion.

Sam Patch.



THE RESULT OF THE MUD IN THE STREETS.

THE TOWN.

"That city has ever had my heart from my infancy; and it has fallen out, as of excellent things, that the more beautiful cities I have seen since, the more the beauty of this does still win upon my affection; I love it by itself, and more in its native being than in all the pomp of foreign embellishments; I love it tenderly even to its wants and blemishes. I am not an American but by this great city, great in people, great in the felicity of her situation, but, above all, great and incomparable in variety and diversity of commodities; the glory of America, and one of the most noble ornaments of the world."—[MONTAIGNE, slightly altered.]

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT IN COSTUME.

I have seen sometimes when I have been exiled to the rural districts, turned out to grass, Independence Hall, and the grave of Franklin at Philadelphia; or pastured in Mr. Faneuil's Hall and Mount Auburn, many sneers at the streets of my beloved Manhattan.

Peasants of Market-street and shepherds of Tremont Row have said to me, with absurd self-glorification, "Regard, O unfortunate metropolitan youth, regard the cleanliness of our streets; you might eat your dinner off from that there pavement." Just as if a man wanted to do any such thing, while cheap cafés flourish.

I acknowledge, to a certain extent, the verity of the statement of the provincial youth. The streets of Boston and Philadelphia are purer than those of Manhattan; but wherefore?

It is because hardly any one walks therein.

I wish some of these scoffers were here now. How delightful is the present condition of Broadway! How dry the pavé! how sweet and clean the trottoir! Why, one might walk from Union Square to the Battery in white satin boots, and reach the end of his journey with his pedal extremities as fresh and as clean as the character of a Common Councilman, freshly purged by special resolution.

But the ladies, and even the men—such is the abject worship offered to fashion—affect to think that Broadway is muddy. CARRIE-JENNIE has gone and done and spent (I quote her maternal parent) as much as nine dollars for a pair of bang-up (COUPON-DORÉ) balmorals, laced up in front, having high heels, and copper-fastened all round the soles. When she came down stairs the first time with them, the governor, who was asleep over some of that particular sherry which old FIRST-MORTGAGE gave him, thought it was a charge of cavalry, and jumped up, crying "Fire!"

And COUPON-DORÉ, too, he must exchange his shooting-shoes—the natural continuation of peg-tops, just the same as café noir comes after the sweets—for a pair of long fishing-boots, which make an elegant young man look like a lamp-post, so that you always feel like looking on the side of his head to see what street you are in, and have an irresistible inclination to post a letter in the pocket of his paletôt.

Now really, and according to the eternal fitness of things, CAROLINE-JANE and COUPON-DORÉ ought to be shod with thin silk gaiters, paper-soled, and patent leather dress-boots, which would be neat, comfortable, and quite the thing for the Broadway promenade just now.

That was the style in the earlier days of the Republic, when we got all our fashions from Paris, an Imperial city, distinguished for its democratic simplicity. Now, the fashionable men and women of the present day imitate the effete and broken down British aristocracy. CAROLINE-JANE insists upon being chausséed and juponed à la Balmoral; COUPON-DORÉ gets his things from Regent-street, and the tailors and boot-makers submit to be called tradesmen, and drink the health of the Queen, God bless her! as enthusiastically as the editor of the *Albion* himself.

Where are the days of frock coats, tight trowsers, and patent leathers gone? It is awful to think of. As Mr. GENIO SNIP says, "Let me arrange the costumes of a nation and I care not who makes its laws."

The boot-heresy spreads like Puseyism. The humblest household is not safe from the insidious wiles of the British cordwainer. The very foundations and supports of the Mothers and expecting-to-be-Mothers of the Republic rest upon foreign sole leather, and are shielded from the mud of our common country by the skin of the British calf! While the Star Spangled Banner apparently waves above our heads,—while Mr. J. G. BENNETT maintains the most unceasing vigils over the compacts of our glorious Constitution,—while our flag floats in every sea except the Arctic, Antarctic, and a few more,—while we make our own crinoline, and get up our own babies,—the British Lion, jealous of the American Eagle which it cannot "lick," seduces the Goddess of Liberty, replaces her *pallium* with a scarlet petticoat, and substitutes for her sandals the ankle-boots of despotism, the shooting-shoes of Balmoral!

Has the era of republican simplicity, draggled skirts, muddy trowsers, italicised gaiter-boots, wet feet, and the national bronchitis, to say nothing of our own sore throat, our particular pneumonia, and our reserved consumption departed forever?

If so, we may as well elect Extra-Billy Smith Lord of Chivalry, crown Mr. Pryor in the Capitol, and proclaim Mr. Buchanan as James the First, borrowing the "properties" for the occasion from Sister Victoria.

PENDENNIS.

Ode to Gov. Wise.

You lucky cuss; you fitin' F. F. V.; you son
Of Mars who was agoin' for to go with twenty men
And take possession of the Capitol, and ride
Ruf-shod thro' Mex ico. You tall son of
Accomac; you mi't y Govener who hung John
Brown—Ossawottomie Brown—you have
Gone an' dun it—you've drawn the "Village
Blacksmith." All hale! grate F. F. V.! What'll
You take for the picter?

The Body Politic.

In the U. S. Senate, the 2d inst., Mr. Fitch, of Indiana, said of Mr. Douglas, that—

When he put on his hat, it did not cover the entire brains of the Democratic party, nor its entire heart when he buttoned his waistcoat.

For this reason Mr. Fitch denied that Mr. Douglas ought to run well as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. But if it were a question of running, it strikes us that it would have been more appropriate, as well as more significant, for Mr. Fitch to say that "when Mr. Douglas put on his trowsers he did not envelope the entire Democratic legs." This would also have been more in accordance with Mr. Benton's theory.

A Physicisn's Rule of Reversion.

Patients under a monument.

A Prophecy for James Buchanan.

March Fo(u)rth!

Marshal Rynder's Course.

Sinew-ous.

AN OVERWORKED CLASS.

MERCHANT IN THE RETAIL DRY GOODS LINE.—So you would like to engage with us, eh? Well, what department do you usually fill?

COUNTER-JUMPER.—I—ah—stand at the door and smile.

QUEERY.

If a man walks the street in a manner so wild and incomprehensible that people halt on their way to grapple at him; if a man pays no possible respect to the decent rules and regulations of society; if he is abrupt, boisterous, rude; if he inevitably fails to purify his face and his finger nails, as also to give his hair and his dickey and his boots that close attention which gentlemen of nearly all climes find so conducive, not only to their own comfort and complacency, but also to the peace of their observant and sensitive associates; if he takes all manner of playful liberties with one's name and personally fondling or smiting one with violent humor; if he plunges boldly into the stream of conversation, and directs it from its legitimate channel; if, in fine, and of course, he behaves in the most untimely and outrageous mannes, is he "a little eccentric," or is he a little brute and a big bore?

Another "Word from the Wise."

Governor Wise, in one of his recent speeches, reminded his audience that, by keeping all their valuable products to themselves, they would sap the foundation of Northern prosperity. He concluded his discourse with the ominous words, Verbum Sap.

A Chance for the Incorruptibles.

How glad the M. C.'s must be that the House is organized and their votes have a market value at last.

Dyer Revenge.

Sprinkling your enemy with Prussian Blue.

Croton Board.

Water gruel.

TO GENTLEMEN OF ELEGANT LEISURE.

E. the under signed, beg leave to inform our friends and the public generally that, owing to the rapid increase in the number of transient and permanent boarders at our well-known Establishment on Blackwell's Island, additional accommodation has been deemed necessary.

To meet this want, there is now in course of erection a large and handsome edifice, which will be ready for occupation in a few months. It will be finished after the most approved style of modern architecture, fully insuring ample room, good ventilation, and perfect cleanliness—matters usually deemed of especial moment by our fastidious patrons; nor will any feature in its internal arrangements be wanting, which can heighten their comfort or enjoyment.

The domestic cuisine (a thing of paramount importance in itself) will, we venture to say, surpass in variety and completeness that afforded by any fashionable hotel in the country. A well-drilled corps of servants will be ever ready to wait upon guests from the moment of arrival until the eve of departure; any inattention on the part of menials, if at once reported, will be promptly punished.

In returning thanks for past favors, and soliciting a continuance of the same, we would merely add that our prices will remain unchanged. The qualifications for membership of this, so to speak, "Unitary Home," are too well known to need repetition; in most cases a proper certificate from a Justice of the Peace, or other qualified functionary, will insure the applicant a warm reception.

Perhaps it may be well to remind the public, however, that Paupers, Vagrant Children, and persons of no immoral character cannot, under any circumstances, be admitted to this Institution—other quarters, better suited to their vocation and tastes, being already established on Ward's Island.

Very respectfully,
THE CITY FATHERS.

Rather Far-fetched.

A female cook in Stockholm, on the 5th ult., was sentenced to imprisonment for life for attempting to poison the family by whom she was employed.—*Foreign Item.*

Though we are not informed that this woman believed in the Swedenborgian doctrines, no one can doubt that, in case of success, she would have been a Sweden Borgia.

Not much of a Sacrifice.

A Western exchange makes a great to do over the fact that Prof. E. Bush has become a teetotaler. We are glad of it, on the Professor's account, but are in doubt as to where the credit belongs. The Professor may have discarded wine, but every one knows that "Good wine needs no Bush."

Ship Music.

The Strain of its timbers.

City Hardware.

Tax.

A Batch of Valentines.

SENATOR DOUGLAS TO COLUMBIA.

I'm black or white, or red or blue,
Whichever is your favorite hue;
Chameleon like at your command
I'll change my color on demand,
I care not if I'm dark or light
So that you'll let my House be White.

MAYOR WOOD TO THE ALBANY REGENCY.

O cruel, cruel, cruel fair,
You'd better of my wrath beware.
If Albany the Mayor annoy
I'll hire the wooden horse of Troy.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT TO ROGER A. PRYOR.

Virginian hero of chivalric fame,
Manly traducer of a woman's name.
Your native gaols some day your tale shall tell,
A Prior must be destined for a cell.

THE TRIBUNE REPORTER TO MARSHAL RYNDERS.

Oh Rynders of the pugilistic paw,
Who sought to put me under Marshal law,
And staking money from the public till,
Manfully said you'd fight me for the bill,
To cool the fever of that doughty head
You'd better diet upon Graham bread.

THE LENICIA BOY TO SAYERS.

As I'm better, dear Tom, at a fist than a hand,
I will only just say that I'm your's to command.
I hear that your left is a terrible scarrer,
Yet I'll fight for a lark with the great English sparrer;
And if to my colors I cannot prove true,
Why at least I will leave you the red and the blue.

VANITY FAIR TO THE WORLD

Good world, you think we're harsh no doubt,
And given too much your faults to flout,
But all our satires on your blindness
Are really meant in thorough kindness,
But if too bitter was the cup,
Why let us kiss and make it up.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER vs. THE POST-DITTO.

A postmaster in Virginia lately condemned an Ohio paper, called the *Religious Telescope* (!!) to the flames of indignant virtue. Writing to the Reverend editor of this pious journalistic spy-glass—which, we presume, was intended to magnify the beauties of religion—the irate P. M. makes use of the following expressions:—

I think it due that I should inform you that, as Postmaster, I am no longer permitted to deliver your paper to subscribers in this community. It is unlawful for me, as such, to deliver any paper to subscribers holding the views your's does upon the subject of slavery. They will hereafter be committed to the flames.

Do we understand this aright? Do we properly comprehend the rules and results of Southern non-intercourse? We fear not. Let us see. As Postmaster, this gentleman is no longer permitted to deliver the *Religious Telescope* to subscribers. So far, so good, but now, as *such* (subscribers, of course), it is unlawful for him to deliver any paper to subscribers holding the views that the editor's subscribers does—is that it?—on slavery! Now for the loser. "They will hereafter be committed to the flames!" Unfortunate subscribers!, Wretched innocents, who have unsuspectingly put down their "$2 per annum; payable in advance," to have the delights of piety focussed through the exemplary lenses of the Spiritual Spy-glass! They must perish in the flames, and all on account of some mysterious power, that does not permit the postmaster to do certain things!

We are aware—and our heart bounds with joy at the thought—that it may be only the "views" which "will hereafter be committed to the flames." Whether these are stereoscopic views of slavery—double, as those of Senator Douglas seem to be—or, as appears more likely, Telescopic views, we are unable to say. We do wish that this doughty and holocaust-loving mail officer would inform us all about it, and tell us whether or no the burning of all Southern subsribers to Northern journals is to be a part of the Dissolution programme.

Prints of Darkness.

Mourning calicoes.

How to Punish Inebriates.

"Give 'em rats" when they're taken in.

OUR POLITICAL SNAKE-CHARMER.

DOUGLAS.—You perceive, ladies and gentlemen, that the creatures are entirely under my control. *(Aside)* Say, Forney, hope the brutes wont bite!

OURSELVES AS SEEN IN A MIKE-ROSCOPE.

U R readers are informed that "We, Americans," are a remarkable people—in the eyes of Dr. Cahill. That gentleman, now visiting this country, has written to the "Small Tenant Farmers of Ireland" several letters, well calculated to make those Lilliputians feel smaller still in their own estimation, at the same time furnishing them with food for astonishment concerning Yankee (particularly New-York) institutions, manners, and the like.

We should not venture to dispute anything the able Doctor chooses to vouch for, were it not that he, in his last epistle, alludes to the possibility of his falling into some trivial mistake. In such case he says:—

"I shall correct that mistake when *better informed* by a longer residence, *or by more accurate information.*"

We are unable to "inform" him "by a longer residence," but will gladly do so by giving him "more accurate information," if he desire it. Of course he does. In the first place, this "Republic" is not a "Kingdom," as is implied in this extract:

"A drunken man is abhorred, and a ragged idle man is despised and hated in this *Republic*, perhaps with a more intense feeling of disgust than in any other *kingdom* on the globe."

The following statement puzzles us somewhat—in fact we desire to be "informed by more accurate information" relative to it.

"The tradesmen can dress as well as the President; and the laborer, *if he be present*, can appear in clothes little inferior to the shopkeeper, or storekeeper, as he is called here."

We would like to know what the laborer's dress is when he is *not* "present." By all means let us have the "naked truth."

Every body will be delighted to learn that, despite our climate, Dr. C. is physically sound, and, better still, intends remaining so.

"I am in excellent health, and *I shall publish every week this bulletin* of myself."

The City Fire Bell Towers call forth the following remarks, which may enable the world to estimate the height of "Nelson's" pillar in Sackville-street.

"They (the New-Yorkers) have built in different and judicious parts of the city, fire towers (as well as I could judge) about thirty feet higher than Nelson's pillar in Sackville-street. Three men, in their turn, stand on the top of these towers day and night."

There is a deal of sarcasm in saying "fire towers (as well as I can judge)." As for the three men standing on the *top* of these towers" we can't say that it is strictly true. However, the point may be left open for discussion.

The Doctor's eloquence grows absolutely burning when discoursing of the valiant deeds ascribed to our "Fire Laddies"—hear it!

* * * * * "They have sometimes poised themselves from the tops of ladders, and from the middle of the street have dropped themselves into the upper stories when the blazing under stories would not permit the ladder to be placed against the house in the ordinary way. Thus tying and hooking each person to this ladder, or other appliances, they have saved whole families, and then saved themselves on many occasions by creeping along the tops of houses like cats till they were out of all danger."

The members of "Cook's Royal Circus" had better leave the city at once. They can never hope to "*drop from the middle of the street into the upper stories*" of burning buildings. The latter sentence compels us to ask again that we may "be informed by more accurate information"—can any of "70's" boys translate its meaning?

We anxiously await the next irresistible effusion from the Great Narrator. Meantime we take the liberty of suggesting that he would do well to shun his previous "informers," as they have already succeeded in getting him on rather a long string.

P.S.—For facts concerning our "Peculiar Institution," Dr. Cahill might consult the Apostle of Light, Wendell Phillips, and his opponent, the Apostle of Darkness, Charles O'Connor; he would then be capable of forming a just opinion of the all-absorbing topic.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH BY THE QUEEN'S EDITOR.

The following announcement we copy *lit., et verb., et punct.*, from the London *Court Journal*—a very nice paper for weak-minded people to become gradually idiotic over:—

"Rumors of a painful nature, as to the elopement of a lady connected by marriage with the county of Tipperary, with an officer, has been circulated within the past few days."

Has they? We are indeed pained to learn that such "rumors" "has been circulated." On the whole, however, we think that it is the officer who has been circulated, though we were not aware that rotation was the rule in Her Majesty's Army. We should really like to understand about "the county of Tipperary" and its marriage-relations. Has the lady married the county—or is it a misprint for Count? Is there a Count of Tipperary? Or, is it the lady only who is "connected by marriage," and who has eloped with the county? Did she elope with both the county, or count, and the officer too? Whatever these rumors are, they are certainly of a very painful nature, and we don't see how the *Court Journal* man can bear to repeat them in such painful language. We hope that, if the county of Tipperary is really the rightful husband, it may succeed in getting a divorce from the lady—or the officer—or whoever is the delinquent concerning whom the "rumors has been circulated."

Heartrending Occurrence at the Free Academy.

The Free Academy building, we see by the dailies, has been examined by three architects and found to be safe. We may not be able to say as much of the mental equilibrium of its students if they are so readily permitted to draw books from the Library of the Institution as they have been of late. Last Friday, a "character" who had entitled himself to the privileges of the Library for one week by the requisite three months of excellent deportment and scholarship, succeeded in getting a long-coveted volume from the Cerberus who guards the bibliothecal treasures of the F. A. He had no sooner obtained his prize than he scuttled off with it as fast as possible, for fear Cerberus might repent and demand it of him again. Reaching home, the young man was discovered by his parents to be in an unusual condition, mental, as well as physical. His eyes wandered and his whole frame trembled as from suppressed emotion. Medical aid was summoned, and the young man's nervous system was found to be completely prostrated.

To allay the raging pain in his head anodynes were proffered him, but he refused them all, saying he had had enough of A Nodyne already. This was regarded as the crowning point of his lunacy.

At the present writing, this ill-fated youth lies a gibbering idiot in his father's house, and his recovery is looked upon as more than doubtful.

A Brand Plucked from the Burning.

The proprietor of the *Ledger* makes this announcement:—

If we are not burnt out oftener than once a week, the *Ledger* will never be delayed in its issue.

This is certainly the most flaming advertisement that Mr. Bonner has yet given to the world. He might, however, add to its effect by proclaiming that at no time has the *Ledger* been known to exhibit so much sparkle and brilliancy as on the occasion of the recent conflagration, and that probably it will never be known to be so sparkling and brilliant again. It would hardly be fair, however, to expect him to admit what is popularly believed:—that the number of *Ledgers* destroyed was so infinitely greater than that of the other suffering hebdomadals, simply because of the exceeding dryness of that publication.

A Rush to the Head.

The ladies of New-York cannot expect to entirely succeed with their latest fashions. It is painfully evident that the new bonnets are too much for them.

A Problem.

If, as physiologists tell us, the human body is seven parts Stearin and one part water, how is it with the pilots on the East River ferry-boats?

Father of the Cereals.

Pop Corn.

An old Street Van.

Delevan.

HERE AND THERE.

OPENING ANDANTE.

EVERYBODY must be either Here or There. This law is inevitable. To be sure we sometimes hear of men that are neither here nor there; but this phrase is used in an abstract and purely philosophical sense, and has nothing to do with the dynamics of locomotion. For my own part I prefer being There. Here is all very well for a time, but there is an indefinite mystery about There, which attracts and charms. We know all about Here, but There is the untried. We have an instant respect for a man when we hear that he is "thar." It is true that Themistocles might be supposed to have been an advocate of the antagonist of There, when he said, "Strike, but hear." But I am sure that if he had been struck, he would have wished himself There. Although, on the whole, as I have said, I prefer being There, you will, I think, find me Here very frequently. I am, in fact, of a fickle disposition, and must have variety, which substance is usually considered to be the condiment of existence. And this is all that I have to say on this topic at present. There!

Dramatic agility seems to be the order of the day. In the "Romance of a Poor Young Man," at Wallack's, Mr. Lester takes a flying leap off a tower, which feat, on his part, is really a *tour de force*. While, not to be outdone, Mr. Jordan, in "Oliver Twist," in the interesting character of *Bill Sykes*, performs a "perilous act" in the last scene of the play. If this state of things continues, a singular transformation will shortly take place in the acting drama. The leading light comedy man will play *Rover* in tights and spangles, and Mr. Lester will be advertised in the bills as the Bounding Ball of Babylon. Following this professional example, Mr. Jordan will perhaps be known to the public as Gambolling George, and the leading old man at Wallack's Theatre as India-Rubber Blake. A performance of the last-named gentleman on the tight-rope will, it may be, be announced as to take place between the acts. These performances will, of course, require some practice, but there is one acrobatic feat in which a good many of the dramatic artists will require no instruction. Most of them are fully qualified to give a performance on stilts.

Judging from the barbarous state of the streets, I think that our street commissioner should have a syllable added to his name, and be known henceforth as Delevandal.

The Northern dry-goods dealers proscribed by the South have all taken to quoting "Hamlet." They mournfully cry, "List! O List!"

A philanthropist meeting the owner of a tenement house, the day after the late awful tragedy in Elm-street, asked him if he remembered that one of the ten commandments which says, "Thou shalt do no murder." To which the wealthy proprietor answered, with a sneer, that the commandment was not in the ten he meant.

Mademoiselle Ella Zoyara's favorite instrumental accompaniment in her equestrian acts is said to be the Haut-boy.

Certain tax-payers of this city are in a fluster about the appropriations for the Central Park. It costs too much, they say. Poor fellows! What a shame it is that they should be obliged to pay for fresh air for the people. What do they want with fresh air? They don't use it, or want to use it. Give them their anthracite, and their registers, and they are content. Like Mithridates, they have lived on atmospheric poisons so long that they cannot conceive anybody relishing other than a toxocological existence. What is the health of Brown, the mechanic, and Brown's wife and children, who, when that blessed Central Park is finished—and it *will* be finished—breathe freely at least once a week, and come back to Monday's work purified through that silent talk with Nature—what is all this to old Croesus, in comparison with the hundred dollars a year that the corporation takes from him to give to the poor mechanic in grass and trees. I do believe that there are men who, if they were in a gas corporation would put the sun out if they could, to better their business?

[*Signed*,]

A HINT FROM GREELEY.

"He (Mr. Charles O'Conor) is the African Knife-Swallower of this exciting drama."—*N. Y. Tribune, Feb.* 1*st.*

THE EPICURE'S LAMENT.

Through streets and squares I hear a sighing,
As if a wounded spirit wailed;
Sad tones upon the air are flying
In melancholy accents crying
"Delmonico hath failed!"

Ah, many a dear delicious dinner
Within thy classic walls I've hailed,
But now, each mortal dining sinner
Must peak and pine, wax thin and thinner—
Delmonico hath failed!

Alas, for *canard, dindon, poulet*—
In long and luscious ranks detailed—
Alas for wines, decanting coolly—
The fiat hath gone forth, and truly
Delmonico hath failed!

No more shall he my palate tickle
With well-plucked game or fish well scaled,
No more his aromatic pickle
Shall cool my throat: Ah, fate is fickle—
Delmonico hath failed!

Alas, that he whose quails were splendid
Before his debts should e'er have quailed!—
That he, whose fame was so extended,
Should live to mourn his glories ended;
Delmonico hath failed!

Well, since the gold has fled thy coffers—
Since thy estate is sore entailed—
The poet's sympathy he offers—
Hushed be the sneers of cynic scoffers;
Delmonico hath failed!

Our Advice about Lotteries.

"Don't speak to the Man at the Wheel."

Who Govern the South?

The Massas.

SO ANNOYING!

JEALOUS HUSBAND (*supposed to be out of town.*)—Madame, what's this I see?

WIFE OF HIS BOSOM.—This—my dear—Oh! only my grandmother—I—I mean my cousin.

ROOM WANTED FOR A GENTLEMAN.

THE display of gallantry in Congress on the day on which the country bespoke a Speaker was very creditable—most so, when the place and occasion are considered. It affords a sweet and cooling contrast to the loud and fiery conduct that has of late prevailed in the halls of representative wisdom. How much better shows Virginia pleading, through Mr. Clemens, for the ladies' rights on the floor, than Virginia devastating the innocent family of the editor of a paper, (whose lot in life, at least, should command the tender pity and respect of men,) and breathing inextinguishable hatred to the whole North, through young Mr. Pryor! How much more becoming to the Old Dominion is this graceful and courtly attitude, than that which was assumed recently by her Smith, to the excruciation of all of U.S.!

It is hard, in view of the amenities which distinguished this memorable occasion, to breathe a syllable that may even seem out of keeping with its chivalric spirit. But one inference is irresistible, and we make it at the risk of our reputation for gallantry, which the flourish of knightly lances in the Preface to VANITY FAIR got up.

What is the matter with the women? Are they possessed, all of them, of a busy devil—a restless demon—Imp Atience? Has their curiosity forever got the better of their delicacy? Have an overpowering majority of them lost all sense of public propriety? How else shall we account for their tumultuous presence in scenes where really there is little if any demand for them? Is it not a notorious fact that whenever a sermon is advertised to be preached to young men, the pews are pervaded by young *vice versas*? Is there a public funeral, a civic celebration, a formal reception of a municipal guest—the sidewalks, the windows, the grave-stones, all available spots are thick with the gentle and the fair, enduring tortures from the mere mention of which they would shrieking shrink in private? "About forty ladies" hear themselves discussed upon, hear the *pros* and *cons* taken upon their proposed ejection, and make no move from the place where their country has said they shall not be, until their presence is no longer a physical possibility, and then they disperse slowly, and probably poutingly, and perhaps huffed!

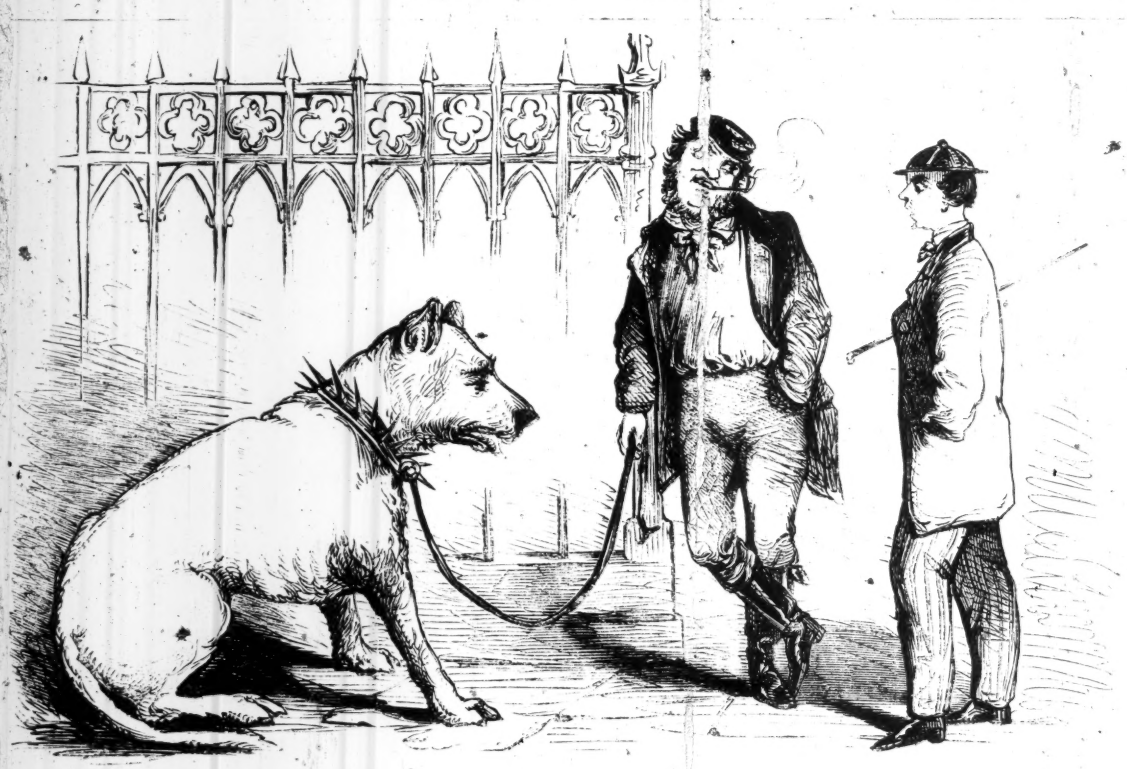
Our feeble remonstrance is offered. This is a land of beautiful creatures of one sex, and polite and attentive ones of the other. "Dear woman" is the only toast that we really celebrate with gusto. We love, yes we love, the beaming eye and the blooming cheeks. But there are moments when our tender chords refuse peremptorily to vibrate to the touch of beauty. Let us have a fair share of room! We are of an inferior mould, but do not entirely crowd us out!

The Milling Boy.

There was a jolly Miller
Went off across the sea,
To fight Tom Sayers with might and main,
So stout a boy was he;
And still the burthen of his song
Forever used to be,
"I cares for nobody, no, not I,
Nor Johnny Morrissey!"

General Stagnation.

The Nation presided over by an old Buck.



LIVE AND LEARN.

Dog Dealer (*responsive and sarcastic.*)—Rayther large for a pup of his age—is he, now? It's much *you* know about tarriers! Why, if we hadn't a kep him back by puttin' gin in his milk, he'd bin nigh as big as his father afore now.

THE LAST BOSTON EXCITEMENT.

It is only in Boston that the Christian virtues reach their fullest development. In that placid town, where the joys and woes, the glories and shame, the daily duties, habits, and food of each of the inhabitants, are promptly and definitely known to all the rest, a young lady recently drew the strap of one of her skates too tight, while revelling on Jamaica Pond, and was accordingly more or less frozen. A calamity so startling could not be calmly passed over. Boston palpitated with sympathetic anguish. The newspapers reflected the public feeling. Paragraphs of pathetic tendency circulated freely. The imagination of journalists was brought to bear, and it was presently proclaimed that the young lady's foot had succumbed to destiny, and been dissociated from her frame by surgical appliances. Then arose laments for the lost foot. Elegiac lines to its memory set in with great persistency. But in time came a reaction. It was discovered that the report of amputation was premature. The *Transcript* relieved the community by the assurance, made on the best authority, that nothing had been lost, except a toe-nail. People then smiled once more, for a toe-nail lost was not an irreparable injury. Time, the great restorer, would attend to that. But public sentiment was not thoroughly settled until after the appearance of a leading article in the *Courier*, which operated upon it after the manner of fish-skin upon coffee, and in which it was declared that the young lady had, to the editor's "certain knowledge, been able to walk, to run, to dance, and to skate," since the period of congelation. "The misfortune of losing one of her feet," added the *Courier*, "would have been felt very keenly by her friends, of whom she has, deservedly, a great many." Here is a farther proof, if one were needed, of the universal tenderness of heart which animates Boston. In another place, such a misfortune would probably have been felt by the lady herself. Here, on the contrary, it would have been felt by the lady's friends. The only similar case on record, which, curiously enough, also bears reference to the amusement of skating, is that of Mr. Winkle, who, when his beloved leader, broke through the ice, implored him, "for *his* (Winkle's) sake," to keep his head above water. But the Pickwickian record is tame, compared with this example of Bostonian devotion.

PUT HIM OUT,

In the United States Senate, on the 1st inst.:—

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, offered a resolution calling on the President for information in regard to proposals for heating the Capitol, etc.

It would have been more to the point if the honorable senator had called for information in regard to cooling the Capitol. So far as we have been able to discover, that edifice has been, during the whole of the present session, in altogether too fiery a condition for comfort. That one of its occupants, of all other men, should encourage the prospect of additional fuel, betrays an inflammatory condition of temper that is quite alarming. Mr. Clay himself has not hitherto been behindhand in supplying combustible materials in the Senate Chamber, and he cannot have failed to observe the quantity of incendiary matter that has been provided by the Republican members. Does Mr. Clay consider that further baking will speedily convert him into a brick? Or is that his aim? In any case, the resolution seems superfluous. If the glowing rhetoric indulged in, the warmth of expression into which gentlemen are continually admitting that they have been led by the heat of debate, the general intensity of feeling which prevails are not sufficient to elevate the Congressional thermometer to the requisite height, it does not appear probable that any outside arrangements can effect that object. We look forward with dismay to the time—too rapidly, we fear, approaching—when honorable gentlemen cannot be spit upon without sizzling. Then, indeed, our Congress will be a burning shame and a hissing reproach among men. We hope that Mr. Clay's attempt to cast a firebrand into Congress will be duly rebuked.

Con.

(*By a man who has lately had his head shaved.*) Why is the first Shad of the season like humor?

Because it's bad-in-age!

The Road to Ruin.

Hellgate.

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